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Judge

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DISAGREEABLE READING FOR JOHN BULL.

Judge

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CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER CARTOON WEEKLY IN THE WORLD.

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CROKER is now so thoroughly anglicized that, to be consistent, he should don his monocle and be in the bush, attired in his puggaree and portable bath-tub, hunting the tiger.

* * *

IT IS SAID that care never killed a cat; yet care will be employed by the Low cohorts to kill the Tammany cat on the second Tuesday in November and leave it forever on the ash-heap of obliquity.

* * *

THE EDUCATION of the negro in the south is as much to be encouraged as the lynching of the chocolate blonde is to be condemned. He takes kindly to the curricula of learning, and before a great while the universal verdict will be that in his hands the pen is mightier than the razor.

* * *

THERE ARE two good, old-fashioned institutions that should be taken from the dusty shelf of time and speedily revived to form a combination for the benefit of society and the terrorization of the anarchist, and they are the whipping-post and the ducking-stool—the former to make him tingle, the latter to hurt his feelings and false pride beyond repair.

* * *

A SNAKE SERUM has just been invented in Paris by Dr. Calmette. A hypodermic injection of this mixture into a patient suffering with d. t. is said to give him the power to charm the snakes of his imagination and to render them harmless and likewise congenial companions. This serum ought to prove an excellent ingredient to add to the formula of that unique concoction known as the Tammany campaign cocktail. Although the snakes were banished from Irish soil long, long ago, we haven't been informed, up to going to press, that they were ever eliminated from the visions which the Irishman, in common with all others, is subject to when he has been drinking not wisely, but too often and too much—especially during a campaign. It would also be a great blessing to mankind if Dr. Calmette would go further in his experiments in this direction and invent a Tammany serum which would, upon being injected into a Tammanyite, cure him forever of the dire disease of Tammanyism. If the doctor chooses to work on this suggestion, he is quite as certain of achieving an unqualified success as he is of Pasteurizing himself forever in the good graces of society. For the only Indian that can be good, with the solitary exception of the dead Indian, is the Tammany Indian when he is thoroughly unTammanied, which change, aside from the natural shock incident thereto, would simply be his political as well as his all-round apotheosis.

A PROUD MOTHER.

DR. WAYDOWN JACKSON—"'Peers to me laik de boy dun got acute indegeshun."
AUNT LUCY (*smiling through her tears*)—"Dat's it, doctah! Dat boy, sick er well, dun eb'ryt'ing cute."

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine how far the innovation of postage-stamp illustration is to be carried. The latest stamp is emblazoned with an automobile. This departure may be followed by others setting forth with unswerving all-round fidelity the latest mowing-machine, printing-press, typewriter, lawn-mower, hot-air furnace, grand piano, stationary wash-tub, and what not? For the sake of consistency and verisimilitude it may not be too cruel and unfeeling to suggest to the postal authorities that a good thing to picture on the next special-delivery stamp would be a colonial stage-coach.

* * *

CHICAGO is said to be on the eve of a stove-pipe famine. It is to be hoped that the rumor is without foundation, and also that if such a thing as an occasional stove-pipe famine becomes a possibility, that some inventive genius will put a pipeless stove on the market beside which one may have pipeless dreams. A stove without a pipe is about as useful as a pipe without a stove. Separate the two, and the person owning either, but not both, cannot build a fire, and is therefore in a position to look upon coal as superfluous, which, from a standpoint of strict economy, should warm the cockles of his heart and cause him to perform a saraband of joy on the spot. Let us trust that the rumor is made wholly of the wind that comes off the lake to burst the buckwheat cake into blossom, and that Chicago may not be swamped by a stove-pipe famine, but, unsullied and serene, may continue on her triumphant way, happy in the realization of her achievements and proud in her peerless propaganda of pork.

* * *

THAT FLAMBOYANT INCARNATION of the rattlesnake, euphemistically known as Herr Most, has succeeded in getting his beer-built rotundity entangled in the meshes of the law once more, and as a result of his folly he languishes in the bosom of the stone quarry, grunting and sweating under the weight of the swinging hammer, which, with his poverty of imagination, he cannot fancy for a moment is a golf-stick. He capers in the arcadian precincts of his present abiding place, and sounds the loud timbrel of his frenzied sorrow, while gazing in his mind's eye athwart the bitter past and marveling of that most elusive and puzzling quality in man's make-up known to him as the beer of human kindness. He dreams of the free-lunch counter in the purlieus of the town, and scents the lilac sausage from afar. The pretzel coils itself on the divan of his appetite, and he notes through the portieres of the autumn haze the antique flagon fairly foaming at the mouth. He eats his olden speeches to keep him warm, and thereby fills himself with the spirit of discontent that he would disseminate in others. His thoughts are pin-wheels spinning in his head, and while they spin and he toils not more than he can help, they emit fishes of fire that wriggle and dart into the sea of imaginary beer that is the vision of this rampant maniac. His liberty has been cut short like his hair, and the ornate whiskers have fallen, brilliantine and all, beneath the relentless tonsorial sword of justice until the neighboring winds, to borrow an antique phrase, yearn for something to blow through. He still drops his dynamite-coated imitation pearls of wisdom about as frequently as Mr. Croker, since his return from Wantage, drops his h's; but they are wasted upon the unappreciative hearers who, in the dull fire of his rancid eye, cannot applaud him with a tattoo of beer-mugs, punctuated with expletives unfit for publication. It is to be hoped that he may be worked hard from morning until night, and that his terrapin and nesselrode pudding may be those of the imagination and not those of commerce. And let us further trust that his work may be of a character calculated to rob him of his superfluous flesh and voice until the latter meets the acoustical arrangements of the tank in which he finds that his angel-cake is all rye-bread. And let us trust further that, when he has been in the enjoyment of a bed and three meals a day for a reasonable length of time, he will feel so much like a millionaire that he will have a lightning change of heart and become non-explosive, and, after his release, gather his factions together for the purpose of reading them a lecture in the form of a palinode embroidered with the wholesome sentiment and philosophy common among all decent people, the rich and the poor alike.

AFTER THE AUTO EXPLOSION.

JONES—"Hello, there, Bubbles! Since when did you become a lineman?"

BUBBLES—(*disgustedly*)—Lineman! You darned jay, don't you know an automobilist when you see one?"

A FAT MAN'S TRIALS.

"FAT" was a most inadequate term to apply to John Podgkins. He was monstrous! He was elephantine! And the worst of it was that he would much have preferred to be slim and dapper. All John's friends knew how dissatisfied he was with his proportions, and were constantly suggesting means by which he could reduce his weight.

"How are you, John?" asked an acquaintance who met him one day rolling down Black street.

"As usual," was the reply, "miserably fat and uncomfortable."

BETTER OFF WHERE HE WAS.

OLD TURK—"You better go way back and sit down, young feller. Take my gobble for it!"

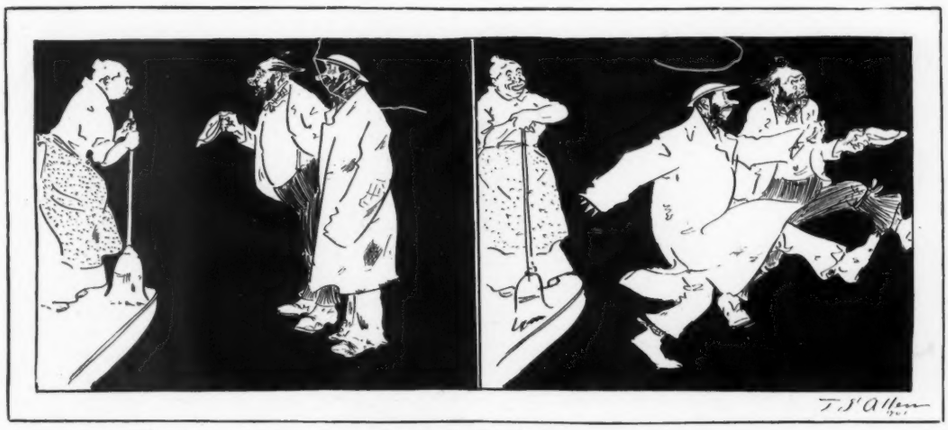
"By the way," said his friend, "I have just heard that an egg diet, if persisted in, will cure the worst case of obesity in a few weeks."

"Eggs!" exclaimed John in a tone of contempt. "They're no good. I've given them a fair trial. For three weeks I've eaten nothing else; and look at me!"

"Is that so?" responded his friend in surprise. "How many do you eat at a meal?"

"Well," said John, considering, "this morning I ate sixteen snake eggs, and if they don't take off fat they are like a serum and keep off d. t.

FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WILLIE—"Pardon me mum, but could you tell a couple of tourist gents de name of yer beautiful town?"

WOMAN—"Yes, this is——

——Bath Beach."

FORGOT WHERE HE PUT IT.

Smith — "Do you think memory systems have any value?"

Jones—"Yes. I studied one once and did very well until I mislaid the manual."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

PROUDPOP—"Don't you think my little son favors me somewhat?"

CANDID FRIEND—"He certainly looks like you, but do you consider that a favor?"

Photo by Schloss.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

VIRGINIA EARL IN "THE NEW YORKERS."

When, "strolling in Society,"
One comes across a "corker,"
It's ten to one that same will be
Some kind of a New Yorker.
So, in this play, Manhattan's girl
Must be our one Virginia Earl.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

WHEN winter comes he saves his clothes.
He always makes it pay
To put some camphor-balls around—
To keeps the moths away.

His friend, however, au contraire,
If asked, would likely say
Three balls of gilt for him suffice—
They keep the wolf away.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

AT A REVIVAL.

THE parson, after a sermon of fiery eloquence, exhorting the congregation to accept the spirit of the Lord and be saved, concluded his sermon by inviting everyone to come forward for prayer, and all did so except Farmer Jones, who remained in his seat. There was a moment of awkward silence.

"Mr. Jones," said the parson in in his most persuasive manner, "won't you come forward for prayer?"

"No; guess not," said the farmer quietly.

"Don't you want to be born again?" queried the parson.

"No, I du not."

"And why not, may I ask?"

"'Fraid I sh'd be a girl." CLAY EMERY.

STILL AT IT.

Hallnew—"Do you see that fellow driving that truck? At one time he was a rich bookmaker, and now look at him. It is too bad racing had such a hold on him."

O'Bart—"Yes; but I see he is still following the horses."

IT DIDN'T AFFECT HIM.

FARMER GUDETHING—"I don't see haow yew fellers kin stand the cold so. I want to know."

HAPPY—"Well, I'll tell yer, boss. Before I lost me job an' got on de bum I wuz workin' on de electric trolleys; so yer see I'm a sort uv a non-conductor now."

ADJUTANT CRANE—"By gosh, Spotty! you look as if something was doing."

GIRAFFE—"Something doing? That blankety-blank monk said he would teach me to climb a tree."

WHY THEY QUARRELED.

MRS. NIBLICK—"Why did you quarrel with your husband?"

MRS. LOFTER—"After tea, the other evening, I asked the brute to turn down the gas and court me as he used to before we were married."

MRS. NIBLICK—"What did he say?"

MRS. LOFTER—"He said he thought it would be better to *blow* it out."

THE WATCH-DOG.

THIS useful animal we keep
To guard our treasure while we sleep.
A pointer, not a setter, yet
He's of no use unless he's set.
Gaze on his open, honest face;
There's no deception in his case.
He is attached to us, 'tis plain,
Though often by a slender chain. CAROLYN WELLS.

[Dog formed of a *watch*.]

ITS CHIEF CHARM.

Mather—"The great beauty of this sky-scraper is that there isn't one of our beebles in it."

Wither—"How do you account for it?"

Mather—"Because it's fire-proof."

AN INDORSEMENT.

Watkins—"Isn't Gladys a dream?"

Batkins—"Yes; a catnap."

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THE NAKED TRUTH.

MR. NEWLYWED—"The cashier of the 'Steenth Ward Bank informs me that you have overdrawn your account."
MRS. NEWLYWED—"What an idea! I haven't told a soul about it except Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown, and I'm sure I didn't overdraw the account a particle."

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

LOVE without confidence is the root of all jealousy.

Almost all intense natures quarrel with those they adore.

No man is ever hopeless who retains even one sweet illusion.

It is only woman's vanity which makes her man's inferior.

A man who marries without love enters life's costliest game.

When the present becomes hateful the past seems doubly beautiful.

Life's greatest blessing is to have absolute confidence in some one.

Life never ceases to be sweet to the man who never ceases to be the lover.

Some men are so sensitive as to induce melancholy among their associates.

The cup of happiness is but a sieve which is empty when it reaches the lips.

A jealous man usually says "I hate you," meaning "I love you very deeply."

VADA AGNEW.

IT COST HIM JUST FIFTY DOLLARS.

MR. JUSTWED—"I found this paper of tobacco in your room. What does it mean, madam?"
MRS. JUSTWED—"Why, I use it"——
MR. JUSTWED—"Oh, you do! Why didn't you tell me that before marriage, madam?"
MRS. JUSTWED—"Why, I didn't suppose you would care whether I used tobacco or camphor to keep the moths from my clothes."

SHOCKING.

"MRS. SCADDS made a vulgar and ostentatious display of wealth yesterday," said Mrs. Darley to her husband.

"In what way?"

"She gave a potato luncheon."

PLENTY OF TIME.

Messenger-boy (to workman on new East River bridge)—"Say, boss, is this bridge done yet?"

Workman—"No; it won't be done for a year yet."

Messenger-boy—"Well, lots o' time. Guess I'll wait."

HIS PATRIOTISM.

Mackenzie—"Give me a Scotch-whiskey cocktail."

Bar-tender—"We have only American 'Scotch.'"

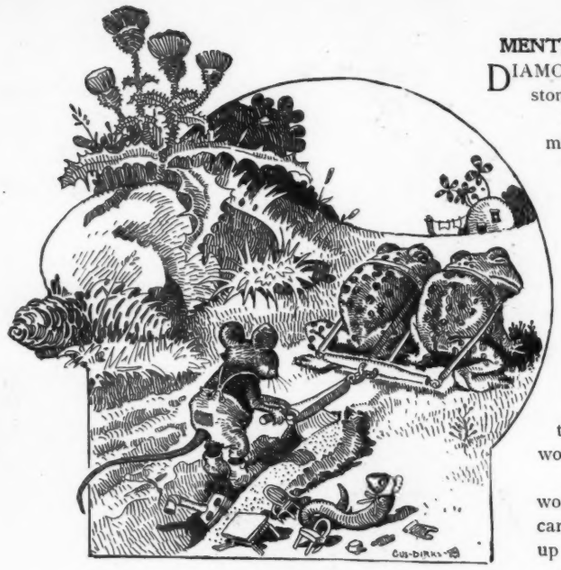
Mackenzie—"All right. Leave out the Maraschino cherry and put in a thistle instead."

POWER OF WEALTH.

Freddie—"What's a kleptomaniac, dad?"

Cobwigger—"A person who has money enough to pay for what he steals."

SHE—"I may as well tell you the truth. I love several others."
HE—"Then there's hope for me."



A KICK.

MRS. EARTHWORM—"Hey, you infernal mouse, how dare you plow right through my dwelling?"

ANENT TAMMANY.

I.

TOM PLATT
Got all the fat
And Croker all the lean;
What, 'twixt the two,
Could Shepard do
But lick the platter clean?

II.

Ride a cock-horse
To Tammany's course
To see a cute Shepard get on a lame horse.
Bells on his fingers,
A ring in his nose—
Croker will lead him, wherever he goes.

Baa-baa, black sheep,
Have you any Shepard?
Yes, we have found one,
As smart as a leopard;
But smarter than the leopard, lots,
Because he's learned to change his spots.

III.

A wolf in sheep's clothing,
We all know what he's at;
But a Shepard in a tiger-skin—
Who can be up to *that?*

A wolf in sheep's clothing
We understand all right;
But a Shepard in a tiger-skin
Is a surprising sight!

MENTAL MIXED PICKLES.

DIAMONDS are good stepping-stones to matrimony.

It doesn't matter how much you know about the world if the world doesn't know you.

Some of the counts whom American heiresses buy are not bargains but merely remnants.

The women at a literary club meeting enjoy it much better if each one has a new pattern of Battenburg lace to work on.

Some men hate to see women standing in a crowded car, therefore they never look up from their papers.

CATHARINE CAIN.

WHEN Brudder Johnsing drinks cold chicken soup out of the pitcher he knows that he is having a shanghai-ball.

A HINT TO GOLFERS.

NIBLICK—"What the deuce is that horrible odor around here?"
SCHMITTER—"Dot vos mine pet scheme. I put limburger cheese on der balls und den I don't lost 'em, ain't it?"

TONSORIAL JOCULARITY.

PATRON—"I'm the new customer."
BARBER—"Yes! Glad to 'scrape up' acquaintance with you."

GEE WIZZ!

MERRILY, merrily, to and fro
On automobiles to see the Show,
And the crisis must come, as ages grow,
For very soon now 'twill be "Gee wo!"

THE NEAREST TO IT YET.

Blair—"There goes Smith's widow. See how bad she looks? Poor Smith has been dead two months now and his widow does nothing else but weep from morning till night! That's what I call devotion!"

Syre—"Devotion? Why, man, that's what I would call perpetual emotion."

THE man who makes the best of everything usually gets the worst of everything.

"What time be it?"

"There ye are, b' gum."

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Congress will soon issue the wed

SUGGESTIONS BY WILLIAM McKINLEY TH

sue the wedding-cards.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

LEY THAT WE MUST NOT FORGET.

BONA FIDE.

"BUT I thought that Cohenstein was really selling out to quit business," said Tenspot.

"Yes, he was," replied Gilfoyle; "but he found it so profitable that he resolved to have a series of closing-out sales.'

PROOF OF IT.

Dr. Reaper—"I tell you, those automobiles are great. I can make twice as many calls as I formerly could."

Castleton—"Well, I always thought those machines were bound to increase the death-rate."

CAUSE FOR WORRY.

MRS. PEASLY—"My-o-my! I jes' don't know whut we're goin' to do 'bout Hiram. Every time he sees a piece o' paper flyin' through the air he chases it fit to kill. Thinks mebbe it's one o' them wireless telegrams."

OF COURSE.

"WHY, gentlemen!" cried the after-dinner speaker tragically, "what would this nation be without the ladies?"

"Stag-nation, of course," murmured the Cheerful Idiot.

SPITE.

He—"What excellent care Miss Dent takes of her teeth!"

She—"Yes; she locks them up in her jewel-case every night of her life."

THE bubble reputation is the fortune of the soap-maker.

HIS AMBUSCADE.

"I PITIED the girls when they rounded up
The men for the links, you wretch, you!
There you sat, reading and petting the pup,
And nothing they said would fetch you—

"Buried, quite, in that stupid book,
So absorbing you seemed to find it."
"I wasn't buried at all—you mistook.
I was only dodging behind it."

MADELINE BRIDGES.

A FACETIOUS FUGITIVE.

REYNARD (*as Bunny makes the hole*)—"Whew! That was the closest race I ever lost."

BUNNY (*a second later*)—"Yes: just beaten by a *hare*, wasn't you?"

HE LOOKED THE PART.

MRS. HOOLIHAN—"Moike, thot mischavus Billy he do plague th' loife out av me. This marnin' he et up me book, 'Th' Tormints av Purgutory.'"
MIKE—"Sure, th' baste looks full av hell."

HE SHINES BY CONTRAST.

"IF YOU had worked hard during the summer, as I did, you would not be obliged to beg now," said the ant coldly.

"Very true," replied the grasshopper; "but if I were not lazy you would never be able to acquire such a reputation for industry."

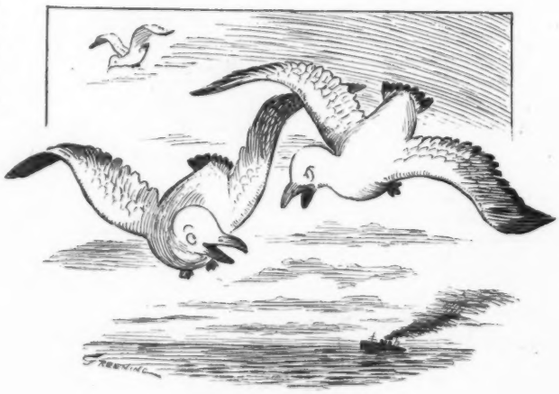
PROOF POSITIVE.

Amy—"I am certain that Florence is an egotist."

Maud—"Why do you think so?"

Amy—"Because she is always saying 'Oh, dear me!'"

YOU can't make a whistle of a Chinaman's pig-tail.



OUT AT SEA.

MRS. GULL (*angrily*)—"I heard what you said to that Miss Seamew."
MR. GULL—"Heard what?"
MRS. GULL—"Heard you say just as plain as day, 'Meet me at the pier, dearest'."
MR. GULL—"Oh, rats! You just ran into one of those wireless messages from that steamer."

ON THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

SHE.

I don't think anybody dreams
That I'm a bride.
You mustn't try to hold my hand!
Be dignified,
And try to look at ease and calm,
The way I do,
As if our going off alone
Were nothing new;
And when I ask you things, just growl
"Oh, I don't know!"
Why does that horrid man back there
Grin at me so?
Could he have guessed?—or does he just
Think I look nice?

HE.

Of course he does—but, dear, your hat
Is white with rice.

—*The Household.*

"They tell me you broke three ribs coming across the field. How did it happen?"

"I was beating off the bulldog with my umbrella."—*Chicago News.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sure to cure incipient consumption. This remarkable remedy will stop the wasting away of the patient, and in a short time effect a cure.

When the President sends a manuscript to a magazine he doesn't have to inclose return postage. The editor meets it half-way, and serenades it with a brass band.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WINTER TOURIST RATES.

Season of 1901-1902.

The Southern Railway, the direct route to the winter resorts of Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, and the South and Southwest, announces excursion-tickets will be placed on sale October 15th to April 30th, with final limit May 31st, 1902. Perfect Dining and Pullman Service on all through trains. For full particulars regarding rate, descriptive matter, call on or address New York Office, 271 and 1185 Broadway; or Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger agent, 1185 Broadway.

THE LATEST FISH STORY.

"It was simply bull-headed luck," said the young man with the red shirt-waist. "Papa declared that it would be a warm day when he consented to my marrying his daughter, and as the weather record had been broken several times after he had made that remark, I was beginning to lose hope. When all-the-world-to-me went on her vacation I went to the same place and put up at the same hotel. Now, papa-in-law-to-be is an old blowhard, and it made me tired—everybody else, too—the way he bragged about the fish he caught in former years.

"Finally, some one hinted that it would be a good plan for him to make good and give us an example of his skill as a fisherman. He accepted the challenge and spent three days getting his tackle ready. He went alone, as he said he didn't want to be bothered by having any greenhorn along, and we waited with bated breath for him to return.

"Now, I am something of a camera fiend, and late in the afternoon I started out to take a picture of a little wooded dell when the shadows were well down. I was making my way to the road through some thick brush when I discovered my daddy-in-law-to-be standing in the middle of the road bargaining with a small boy for a long string of magnificent fish. Quick as a flash I took a snap shot at him just as he was holding on to his pocket with one hand and digging into it with the other.

"I let the old man brag around the hotel for three days about the fish he had caught. Then I showed him the picture, told him if he didn't consent to my marrying his daughter I would spread it broadcast over the hotel, and pointed out where his reputation would be. He wilted, gulped hard, and surrendered. He isn't a bad sort when you know how to handle him."—*St. Louis Star.*

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced water, add teaspoonful sugar.

AUTUMN OBSERVATIONS.

Rabbit in a brush pile,
Jes' a-layin' low;
Hev t' dern near step on him
'Fore he'll up and go.

Patridge in th' briar patch;
Flies right past yer snoot;
Skeers a feller jes so bad
He fergits t' shoot.

Ole Jim Crow a-sassin'
'Cuz th' we'ther's cool;
Wish he'd go down South an' stay;
Dadburn thievin' fool!

Squir'l up in th' beech tree,
Chatterin' away;
Won't be long 'fore he'll whisk in
His blame hole an' stay.

Ole Jack Frost is bizzy
Paintin' on th' sly;
Won't be very long, i-jing,
Tel th' snow 'll fly.

—*Ohio State Journal.*

Lassitude and languor give way to energy and strength when you stimulate the body with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine.

WARY.

Urban Swindler—"The farmers are getting wary, I'm told."

Rural Swindler—"Wary? Say, it won't be long till we'll have to give souvenir spoons with gold bricks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

There is no beverage more delicious with one's dinner or luncheon than

A Bottle of Evans' Ale

It has the snap of perfect brewing in the taste that brings good cheer.

C. H. EVANS & SONS (Est. 1786), Hudson, N. Y.

GOOD money makers need some conservative method of investing a part of their gains to protect the rest. Successful men are just the ones to carry the most Life Insurance. The Prudential's Guaranteed Five Per Cent. Gold Bond is especially attractive as a means of investment. Write for particulars.

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is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

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Perfect Purity,
Perfect Flavor

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It is the American Gentleman's Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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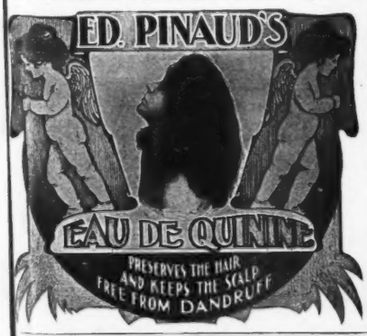

EARL & WILSON'S
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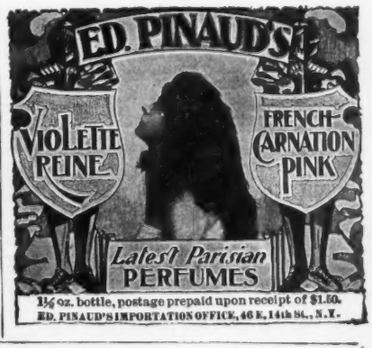

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Politicks an' religion ah alike as fur as de duty ob takin' up a colleckshun is concerned.

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Brain
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Mamma—"Didn't you get enough to eat?"

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Put in colander

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Pour water through

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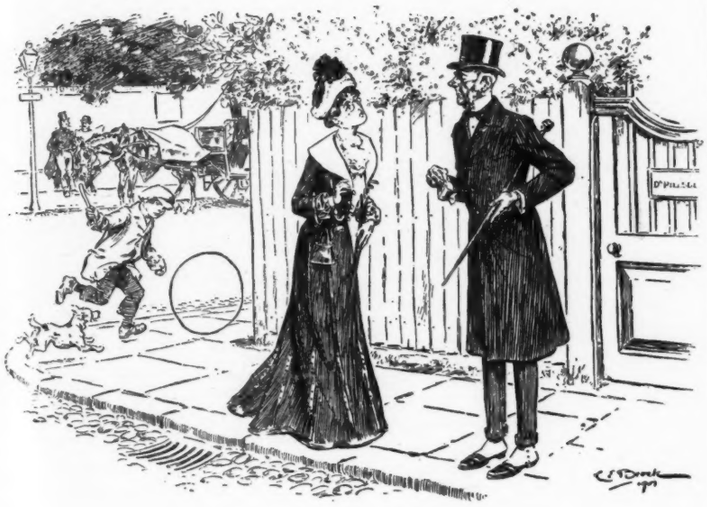

NOT A NICE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

SHE—"Oh, Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anxious about poor Mrs. Perkins. She is in your hands, is she not?"
DR. PILLSBURY—"She was: but I have left off attending her for the present."
SHE—"Oh, that's good! She is out of danger then!"

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Inside, de white man grievin'
Kaze he can't own all de street;
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En a nigger's dancin' feet!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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THE VICAR—"I have not seen your husband at church lately, Mrs. Murphy."

MRS. MURPHY—"Well sir, I'm sorry to say as my old man is *enjoying* very bad 'ealth at present."

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SHOULD you wish to be a poet—an up-to-date fine poet—
With ne'er an inspiration for the art;
If your hair inclines to short-cut, a little longer grow it,
To put yourself in trim for a good start.

First, go into some library. Pick out from the 'ologies
The very hardest words to understand.
Take notions from the lyrics. Never mind apologies
If you would with freak writers take your stand.

Next, wrestle with a few slang words, nor care how you may bore us,
So that they hold a silly thought or two;
Last, borrow from some sapient friend the much-bethumbed thesaurus.
The sense? Discard it, or your lines won't do.

Your market? That is easily found. Just mail it anywhere.
No editor will understand your stuff.
Therefore a very goodly cheque will reach you in your lair—
The sure reward for poet-fakir bluff.

A. LITCHFIELD.

HINNIGAN ON CHINA'S NEW WOMAN.

By La Monte Waldron.

"NOTWITHSTANDIN' th' alleygation relatin' to th' love-faste av th' Powers," remarked Mr. Hinnigan to his usual audience, consisting of Michael Flinnigan, Esq., in the back alleyway, "th' Chinaze quistion are not aisily answered. Did ye iver paws to conshider, Flinnigan, th' ginnywine rayson fer th' rietin, in th' impire where a hair-cut are th' worst digridation a hooman bayin' kin soofer?"

"I hoven't toime to call mesilf to orther as a convintion fer th' invistigation av haythenism," replied Flinnigan.

Hinnigan continued as though unconscious of the interruption. "'Tis th' noo woman, nothin' ilse," he proclaimed.

"Be th' paypers," interjected Flinnigan, "I hed ben lid to belave it wor thim Boxers. Av coorse, thim Boxers moight bay faymales in disguys as min."

"As I wor sayin'," continued Hinnigan, again ignoring the observation, "'tis th' latest fall shtoyle av woman—th' Dowger Imperess. Rapatedly she hov made th' Powers luk loike a handful av soiled pinnies. If ye kin rade, ye hove doubtless ashertained thot th' ixpiditions up th' Whangnoodle-ho an' down th' Divil-Knows-Where hov raysulted in th' uninterrupthed fraydom av th' leddy in quistion. An' she kapes th' Powers waitin' ontil she hov her bonnet adjoosted to her own satishfaction fer th' rayturn thrip to Paykin.

"As I wor sayin', Flinnigan—if ye'll attind me an' quit drawin' thot poipe as though ye wor nursin' a bottle—th' woman wid a face loike a painted egg an' a couple av fate what wudn't fit a infant bekem onaisy. She wor scared near to fits be th' forrin divils—manin' th' railroad coompanies what wor plantin' ties an' layin' thracks over th' ancistral cimmytaries, wid busted graveshtones fer ballest—an' she suspicted they wud soon daymand th' sacrid palace fer rapair-shops, foorcin' her into th' sooburbs wid a chape flat an' rayjooced rayshuns av spindin'-money, which th' same be called tails."

"Rat-tails, I shuppose?" interjected Flinnigan learnedly.

"So, as I wor sayin'," continued Hinnigan, "th' Dowger Imperess said to hersilf, said she, 'I'll rid me impire av ivery male what don't wear his hair down his back loike a man.' Th' daytermination, Finnigan, bore thrubble an' affoorded th' undhertakin' busness in Chinay a boom th' shtayle trust moight will invy. Fer thin th' Powers woke up an' in wan grand acchord yelled 'Abas, abas!' thot bayin' th' poloite Frinch fer 'Bate thim to dith!'

"Shtill, I hov a boonch av addymiration fer Mrs. Dowger. Wor she to pass be th' alleyway this inshtant I'd tip me new eighty-foive-cint fall bunnet an' pay thriboot to her, sayin':

"'Ma'am, ye hov performed wondhers. Ye hov broke up th' concert thot hov ben playin' manny a long year fer th' spicial binnyfit av th' spacheliss Turk. I ixpict ye'll pay high fer bayin' th' Oom Pauless av th' Orryint, but as an ixponent av th' twintieth-cinch.y woman, bound to run things as fasht as a bull-pup runs a cat up a alley, an' to kape mankind winded be follyin' ye, ye're a dazzlin', ghlitterin', howlin' succiss. I saloot yez accordin'. I wud invoite yez in to tay, Mrs. Dowger, belave me; but th' fact are thot there are an old woman beyant th' kitchen-dure what moight objict, she bayin' soobjict to attacks av inflammatory graneeyed monshter—in plane English, jillus.'"

"Wud ye?" inquired Flinnigan in a tone that expressed considerable irony.

"I wud!" ejaculated Hinnigan, with such emphasis that his hat was deposited in the ash-bucket.

"I wor not aware thot yez cud shpake Chinaze wid such flooincy," retorted Flinnigan. "Whin did yez gradooate from Yip Lee's Laundhry?"

The dead silence that ensued indicated strained relations. And it was broken only by the heavy tread of Hinnigan as he withdrew from the conference.

A CORRESPONDENT says that anybody could be sure that Carnegie is a Scotchman for the reason that his name sounds so much like a golf term or the title of a golf-club.

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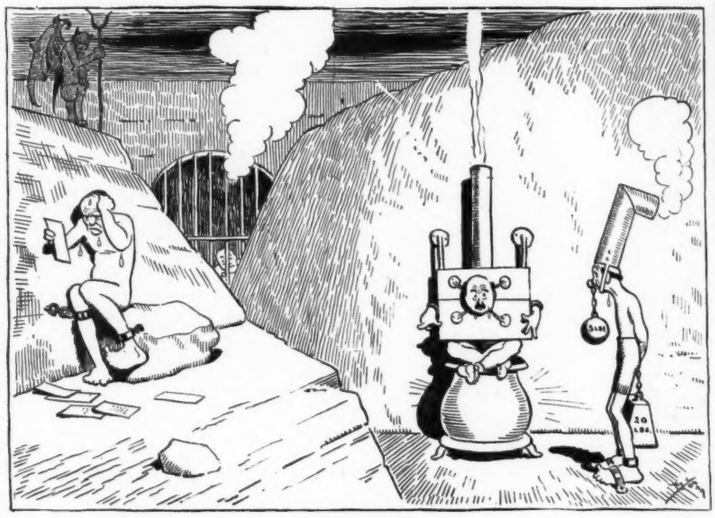

STILL WORSE.

SINNER (*burdened with weights*)—"Say, these punishments are fierce."

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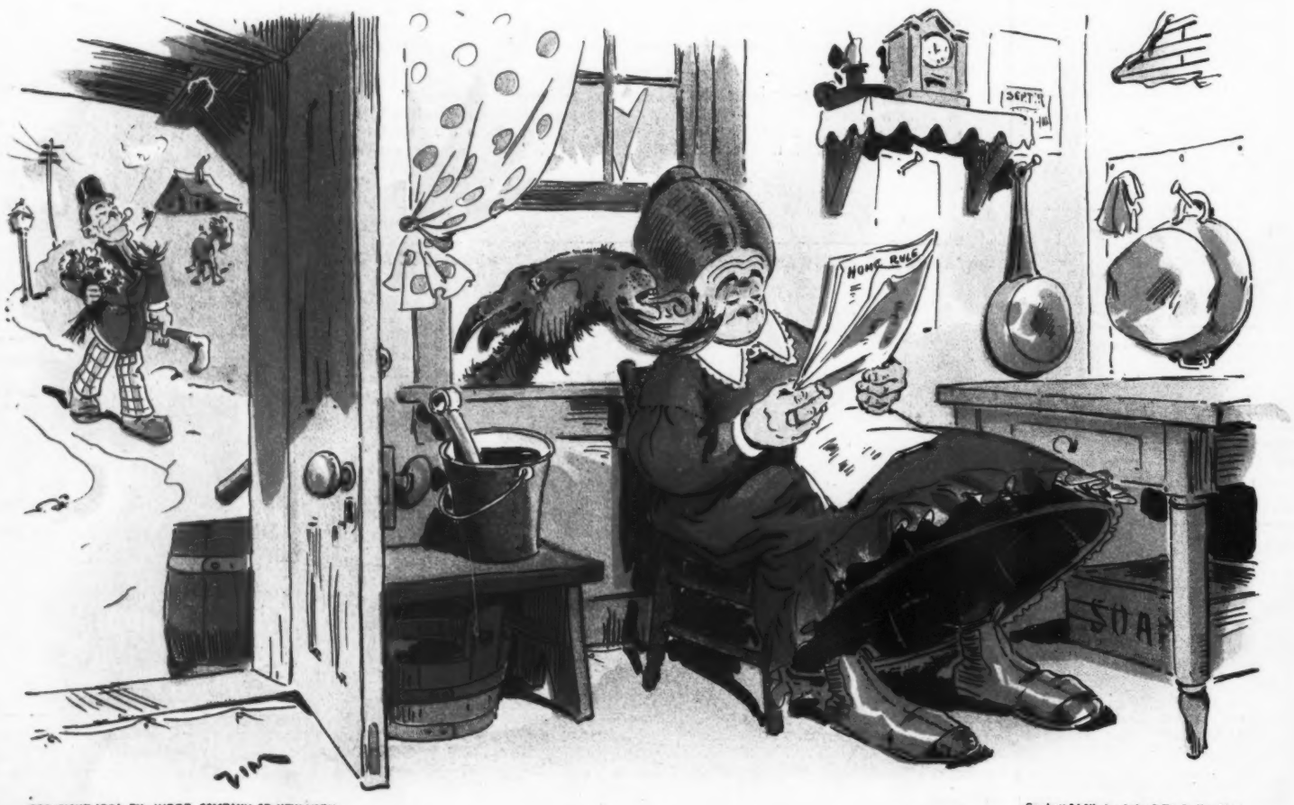

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THE WIDOW FLANNERY (*who is expecting her favorite "one"*)—"Clear out av thot, Danny Dolan, an' lave aff yure lallygaggin'! Sure, I'd know 'tis you by yure whishkers."

IN SOCIETY.